It Attracts Lads From the Street Corners and Gives Them Opportunity for Recreation-Thousands Benefited by It -A Business Men's Enterprise.

If there is in Greater New York a man so old that he has forgotten how to feel like a boy he should spend an evening protégé. Then he keeps an eye on that boy's work and sees that the lad does the club and his sponsor credit.

"These small clubs are the very basis of our success," Mr. Tabor insists. "They are a sublimation of the gang tendency that lives in all boys. Allegiance to the gang is a religion with the boy, and through that to the broader club.

"We are not trying primarily to furnish instruction or discipline in the form of education which the boys get at their schools. We are not competing with night schools or trade schools.

"Of course, we give a certain amount of instruction, but that is incidental. The serious work and discipline necessary for such training wouldn't fit in at all with the genial social freedom of our club.

"If any definite teaching is done it is done because boys demand it and enjoy it. There are singing clubs, printing clubs, natural history clubs, but only because the boys love that work and want it. There's nothing in the slightest degree computers of the properties of the state of the boys bout it.

"We are just trying to lead the boys to find pleasure in wholesome recreation. at the Boys' Club at the corner of Tenth street and Avenue A. The chances are that after doing so he would stop on his way downtown the next morning and buy marbles, and would spend the office hours whittling out peg tops.

There is more boy in the atmosphere of that club than in any other one place in town. Boys crowd the front steps, boys swarm in and out through the swinging doors, boys throng the hall, boys rush up and down the stairways.

Boys' voices, shrill treble, wabbling mezzo, deep bass echo in the air. Somewhere a fife and drum corps is practicing, somewhere else, boys are singing "Pinafore" choruses. Everybody seems jolly, happy, good natured, free as air.

Withal it is a neat, self-respecting crowd. in all its ages and conditions, a frank, friendly crowd, too THE, SUN reporter asks where he can find the superintendent. All the boys within hearing are ready

to answer. They aren't officious. They are not curious. They are not impertinent They are merely friendly. They would do as much for any fellow.

One curly-haired, jolly-faced boy volunteers to act as guide and goes up the stairs, three steps at a time.

"Sorry we haven't got an elevator," he calls back to his laboring senior. "Say, you sit on the steps while I see if Mr. Tabor's n his room. It's on the top floor and he's as likely to be anywhere as there. There's no good in your wasting wind. Just have a look at the gymnasium.

The reporter humbly accepted advice and joined a crowd of boys who were looking through a glass door into the big gymnasium The boys made way for himjust way enough to give him a fair show,

no more. There's not a touch of obsequiousness toward officers, superiors, guests, in the attitude of the boys down there. They are not in for showing off. They are no prize pupils.

They just belong to the club. The club belongs to them Everybody ought to have a fa'r show. There's the code at the Boys' Club.

immense room, three stories high, with a running track around the first balcony. In it some fifteen or twenty boys were playing football under supervision of a jolly ooking man who played with as much energy and as little dignity as any of the

Dr. Close is a physician, an athlete, a man and a boy. He says the ordinary gymnasium is a very serious place, a place for mechanical drill. He believes that a gymnasium should be a place for exercise and fun, that a boy should be as free and hilarious at his gym sports as a puppy at

The Boys' Club gymnasium carries out his theory and proves its reason. The classes are the most popular feature of the school; the boys are doing splendid work and showing up well in amateur contests and tournaments.

All the seniors and small club members have gymnasium privileges. Many of the juniors have them, too, but there are thousands of applicants One of the club ballads deals with Dr.

In the gym you will find Dr. Close How he got his name, nobody knows,

For that is the place We mean nothing base

Where a man who wears clothes seldom goes. the boys sing to a rollicking refrain. Dr. Close, strong and clean cut in his athletic trurks, laughs. His dignity is of the ort that isn t bothered by ballads, and he

knows the boys adore him.

The curly-haired boy had found Mr.

Tabor—not in Mr. Tabor's room, though,
which proved that the lad's idea of the endent's peripatetic tendency was nded. Mr. Tabor is an Englishwell founded. Mr. Tabor is an Englishman, a Cambridge man, an all around sport, a gertleman, a scholar, a born master of boys. He was head master in a large English school and he had done a good deal of work at Oxford House.

He came over here five years ago for a three weeks' visit. Down on Avenue A was a boys' club, feebly struggling for an animoratent evistence. It had been on animoratent evistence.

unimportant existence. It had been or-ganized by a group of Harvard and Yale-men, New York business men with money and good intentions, but with vague ideas

and good intentions, but with vague ideas
as to social work among boys.

It had not prospered. The directors
hadn't time to give to it. It was housed in
one room and guiltless of system.
One of the directors, who knew Mr.
Tabor, asked him to go down to the Boys'
Club and tell them what to do with it. He went. He's there yet.
In the five years the one room has swelled to a \$200,000 building, well equipped. The membership has grown from a few score to

figure well up in the thousands. The directors say it is Mr. Tabor's work. Ir. Tabor says it's the work of the directors

and the boys.

The superintendent showed the reporter about the building. Everywhere the boys met him with the frank friendliness they would show to a popular comrade, and Mr. Tabor repaid them in kind.

The seniors, comprising boys from 18 years up with no limit to the "up," were having a meeting in their big, comfortable room on the fourth floor. Mr. Tabo opened a door gently.

"I don't know that we'll get much of a look here," he said. "They don't like being interrupted and they've a sergeaniaterms who is our champion wrestler, so they aren't often interrupted."

Two hundred boys and men were grouped

they aren't often interrupted."

Two hundred boys and men were grouped about the room, and dimly seen through a haze of smoke. Smoking is allowed on the senior floor, but one of the very few rules of the club forbids smoking elsewhere in the building. Both boys and men were a well-dressed, decent-looking set.

We have men there who have been with the club ever since it was started, twenty-five years ago," said Mr. Tabor. "Their sons are with us now in the smaller clubs."

The second and third floors are, with the exception of gymnasium space, given over exception of gymnasium space, given over to rooms for these small clubs, which are an important feature of the club's system.

Mr. Tabor beckoned.

'Come here. You've only seen our results. Here's our recruiting ground.

He threw open the door of a room 75x45 feet on the ground floor. The room was full of boys of all sorts and conditions, but chiefly of the street arab type. There were some neat, clean, well dressed boys.

Most of the ground were rayed dirty. Any boy can go into the big junior room on the first floor. So long as he behaves decently he is welcome there, can play games there, meet his gang there.

By and by, he becomes ambitious. His curiosity is excited in regard to those

mysterious regions upstairs where ciub members go. He asks for a library per-mit and, if he is unobjectionable, gets it. Next he wants gym privileges. He is put on the eligible list and, in time, gets he is the library of the club crowd

begins to tell upon him.

He drops a little of his toughness, spruces up a trifle, adapts himself to what he sees around him. Presently he wants to join a club. What club? Oh, the Friendly Club. He knows some of the kids in there. So he is put into the Friendly Club, if there So he is put into the Friendly Club, if there

tairs mob and takes on the responsibilities of his new position. If he tries to be funny, be boys will not stand it. They are all here for fun, but that child has a decent eputation to maintain. There's no re-ormatory force like the opinion of one's seculates. The boy either falls into line

ormatory force like the opinion of one's essociates. The boy either falls into line own well-lined pockets, and, at certain seasons. I believe, they make themselves a nuisance to their friends. Their friends

five members each, and there are now twenty-two of them. Each has its own room and runs its own affairs, but each is under special charge of one of the direc-

or such standing that he has a host of business friends willing to give work to his protegé. Then he keeps an eye on that boy's work and sees that the lad does the

sory about it.

We are just trying to lead the boys
to find pleasure in wholesome recreation,
enjoyed in a manly, unselfish way. We
hope the club will eliminate low and vulgar

them in saloons or on the street corners.

"It isn't that the boy is innately deprave.
He simply doesn't know what to do wit

spare time.

"He doesn't want instruction. He wants a good time. He doesn't know how to get

at in any decent way.
"He drifts around the streets, goes to the

He drifts around the streets, goes to the bad. Look at the innumerable groups on the street corners every evening and all day Sunday. We cleaned up the street corners around here. You'll find no boys

there.
 The importance of well-employed leisure isn't half understood. It's a dreadful thing that a boy should need to be taught how to appreciate the healthy sport that every

ormal child loves.
"The newcomers here invariably wrangle

"The newcomers here invariably wrangle and fight over a game before they we played five minutes. It's interesting to watch them change, see them learn that self-control and skill are necessary to real enjoy-

ment of games and sport.

"The learning of that one lesson is a perfect revolution in the tough youngster's nature and code. It is the beginning of

"He is part of an organization whose tally and increase the set by its best members."

tone is set by its best members. He naturally and insensibly conforms to its code of manners and morals.

"We have a summer camp on Plum Island.
Almost every law on the form

"We've made a fine tennis court, we've

built our own fences, made our own lawns

built verandas, put up lattices, painted, whitewashed, had a glorious time through

"By the way, we have athletic grounds

ver in Brooklyn where we go on Saturdays or our outdoor sports, and we are proud

developed.

"Put any two Hebrew boys together, at any time, and they'll debate on any subject that can be raised. Once when I was doing some work in vacation schools. I found a Hebrew boy crying. I asked

what was the matter.
"He told me he belonged to two clubs

"He told me he belonged to two clubs and they were going to come on the same night that winter, so he could only go to one of them. I asked what the clubs were. One was the Eclectic Debating Club and the other was the Comte Synthetic Society. "That's a true story. We don't have boys of that type up here. If one of these boys is crying it is probably because some other boy has licked him. Still some of

"People doubted the popularity of our

up the rate."
"How many boys do you have?" asked

the reporter.
"Three hundred seniors, 600 in the small

Most of the crowd wrere ragged, dirty.

There is our recruiting ground," repeated

"There is our recruiting ground," repeated Mr. Tabor. "There is the type of our 7,000 juniors. The 900 boys upstairs are what the club has made them.
"Self respect, improved taste and ideals, employment at decent wager have made them what you call a prosperous class. They came out of this."

He closed the door. Upstairs the fifes were still tooting, the drums beating, the voices singing "Pinafore." One covers much ground in little time when one travels with Mr. Tabor.

nuch ground in little time when the sith Mr. Tabor.

"Mr. Harriman gave us the building."

"He is President of our trustees the club

ie said. "He is President of our trustees. We will need \$15,000 a year to run the club, but we will get it.
"We are connected with no church or

Tabor is a football and criket expert

f our athletic teams

are the wealthy and influential men of the city. We get the money.

"Those trustees are ideal men for the place. Not sectarian religionists, not social faddists, just plain prosperous business men, men of the world, typically American, men who have kept boy hearts.

"No wonder our club prospers, but we shall need all our friends in this new building. The responsibility is big. Every dollar will count, and we will need a great many of the dollars." The directors, all prosperous business or professional men, haven't much time to give to the club, but each gives one evening a week to the small club under his charge. The boys of that club go to him if they get into trouble, go to him when they need employment.

they need employment.

There is no trouble in finding employment for the club members. If the director cannot provide a job himself, he is of such standing that he has a host of business founds willing to give work to be

ICE-MAKING TRADE GROWS.

Remarkable Development in a Year of One of Our Younger Industries.

The property attained by business enterprises in this country in the last five rears is frequently thought to best reflected in the condition of younger industries. Cold Storage, the organ of the ice-making and refrigerating trades, both of which are comparatively new, has collected statistics of their expension and finds their prosperity by no neans a little thing.

Last year 222 companies with a total capitalization of \$44,738,000 were formed capitalization of \$44,738,000 were formed to manufacture ice, to erect cold stores, or to build packing houses, creameries, fisheries or fruit-preserving plants, artificially refrigerated. Only about half a dozen of these will use natural ice. The rest will make their own. In addition, \$37,322,000 more capital was invested in improvements to existing plants.

The census report now almost completed, shows that in addition to this, there were already in existence nearly 800 artificial ice-making establishments in which \$38,-000,000 capital was invested, employing

ice-making establishments in which \$38,-000,000 capital was invested, employing dearly 7,000 wage earners to whom was paid nearly \$3,422,186 in wages annually and producing nearly \$14,000,000 worth of ice annually. Allowing for abortive new enterprises Cold Storage thinks that there are now nearly 1,000 ice factories in operation or being built in the United States and that there is more than \$51,000,-000 invested in the business.

New York and New Jersey came first in the number and extent of their ice-making hope the club will eliminate low and vulgar tastes and substitute better ones, teach boys the difference between vicious idleness and well-occupied leisure.

"Every man or boy needs leisure and relaxation after a day of work or school. Most of the East Side men and boys find these is allowed account the street corners.

the number and extent of their ice-making and refrigerating plants, and in the mat-ter of new plants Canada is far behind

our own manufacturing States. Even Hawaii has a new ice plant, value \$10,000.

Reports collected by the trade organ from the-ice-making firms say generally that last year was the most profitable they ever had, that their business is extending rapidly and that their output is increasing war by year. ing year by year.

ONE ITALIAN DEFECT. Explanation of the Failure of the Rac

to Succeed in Politics Here. Despite the very large increase in the umber of Italian voters in the city of New York in recent years, their great adaptability to American methods of business and their well-known clannishness, there is now no Italian in any elective office and though repeatedly, and especially in the Second and Sixth Assembly dis tricts, Italians have been nominated, they have almost invariably been defeated It is also true that in proportion to their numbers Italians do not occupy a very prominent place in public affairs here.

We have a summer camp on Plum Island. Almost every boy on his first visit there finds the first day too long. He doesn't know how to put in the time. He'd like to get back to his street corner.

"Later it almost breaks his heart to leave. He is eager for his next trip. He has learned the solid joy of country sports and country work. The reason for this condition of affairs oliticians find in the fact that the ability o make concessions, to give and take seems to be lacking among the Italia: politicians of New York. They have pett factional controversies which do much t work.

Our chickens and gardens out there are
a great success. We've laid out a golf
course, and we play cricket and football
and swim and collect butterflies and other
specimens for our natural history collec-

actional controversies lissipate their strength. two rival factions of Italians, known as the Sicilians and the Neapolitans. The candidate of one is invariably opposed in the colony by the other.

In districts where the northern Italians,

particularly the Piedmontese, abound, they refuse to fraternize with the southern Italians, holding that the latter are intellectually their inferiors. Provincial dis-putes and even township controversies separate Italians in New York and stand

separate Italians in New York and stand in the way of the solidarity which other foreign-born constituents of New York have found, if not indispensable, a least, a great aid to success in politics.

Whether the younger generation of Italians born in this city will be better politicians is a question which remains to be determined, but that the local Italians have learned little of the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the process of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in the wards in the Irish leaders in the skill and shrewdness of the Irish leaders in Mr. Tabor is a rootball and crites expert himself, and all the directors are fully in sympathy with sports. One of them was a Yale coach. The boys have a tremendous respect for him. Others played on Yale or Harvard teams, and they too are glorified n the boys' eyes.

Billiards and pool are the favorite indoor diversion of the seniors. Checkers, chess, cards, all come in for their share of popularity. There is a photography club and there are literary and debating clubs, but the intellectual ardor doesn't run high in the club.

BICYCLES ON THE ICE.

the club. "We have mostly Germans, with some Italians and Irish." the superintendent explained. "They are a good class in many ways, but they are not as clever intellectually as the boys down in the Polish and Russian-Hebrew quarter. Whey haven't the dramatic or scholarly instincts so well developed. Something Novel to the Eye on the Frozen Surface of Gravesend Bay. The Gravesend carpenters employed

on the new houses going up at Sea Gate, noted in THE SUN, went to and from their work across the frozen surface of Gravesend Bay, saved themselves thereby four and a half miles of travel daily. From Gravesend beach to Sea Gate around by the road the distance is three and a half miles; the distance between the two points straight

across the bay is one and a quarter miles Forming first along the shores of the bay he ice there was broken up by the tides the ice there was broken up by the tides, making, along the beach, a wide strip of broken jagged ice, difficult to traverse, and impossible for a wheel. But at Gravesend Beach the men get beyond this strip by the very simple expedient of riding out to the end of a wharf there and dropping down onto the smooth ice from that; and on the other side of the bay, at Sea Gate, with water along it at all tides, and now smooth ice, there is a bulkhead over which they can take their wheels directly to or from the shore.

Ice is not a novelty in this water, but bicycles on the ice are; and the sight of these other boy has licked him. Still some of our boys are clever and they get up very good entertainments.

"I told one of the men that I thought we'd have a printing club and that he'd better put up a builetin saying that any boys who would like to learn printing and help it, getting out the club pamphlets and records might apply. He put up the card. A few hours later, he had to take it down. Over two hundred boys had applied.

picycles on the ice are; and the sight of these men travelling between Gravesend Beach and Coney Island Point on wheels has been of interest to all around the bay. extensive shower bath system in this new building. The first two weeks, we sold 2,000 baths at a penny a bath. They keep

GLASS STREET IN PARIS.

The French Capital Experimenting With an Odd Pavement and Liking It.

"Three hundred seniors, 600 in the small clubs, and—"
Mr. Tabor hesitated, laughed, and spread out his hands apologetically.
"I know it sounds absurd, but there are about 7,000 juniors, with a nightly attendance in the whole school of from 400 to 4,000.
"I've known 7,000 boys to go in and out of here in one evening. It was a force, I confess. I don't know what good they could get. The perfect pavement for streets is be lieved to have been discovered in Paris in a material which nobody but a few experts had regarded as practicable or eco nomical enough for use. A street has been paved with glass and the Paris newspapers are loud in praise of the innovation. Everybody who heard of the plan laughed

could get.

"They only came and went, but they were here and that gives you an idea of the scope of our influence. Two thousand is an ordinary attendance during the day. The place is open from 11 A. M. to 11 P.M. but few boys come until after school hours.

"One thing I notice." said the reporter.

"is that you have a very prosperous class of boys. You don't get any of the very poor do you?"

Mr. Tabor beekoned.

"Come here. You've only seen our reat it before it was tried. It was argued that the surface would be too slippery for use and that it would be brittle and dangerous. In practice the pavement is found to afford an excellent foothold and it neither becomes dirty nor absorbs filth.

The surface of the pavement is dull. All kinds of glass débris are used in its manufacture and the cost is low.

acture and the cost is low.

The inventor of the process expects to become rich, as other cities are watching the experiment with the idea possibly of

adopting the same material themselves. DOGS IN COLD STORAGE. Travelling to Australia in Ice Cooled Rooms

to Join Antaretle Explorers. A score of dogs are on their way to Melbourne, Australia, from England, in a cold storage ship. They have to be sent in that way because they are Esquimaux dogs from the coldest part of Russia and could not

stand the heat the ships will encounter in passing through the tropics.

Even if they survived the trip if they took it outside of the coid storage rooms the heat would enervate them and leave them unfit for the hard work they will soon have to tackle. The dogs are intended to draw the sledges of the British party on the steamer Discovery, which is bound on a voyage of exploration in the Antarctic.

They are strong, wonderfully trained and can drag heavy sledges over snow and ice at a rattling pace. Their diet is dried fish, which thoroughly agrees with them.

which thoroughly agrees with them.

They will reach Australia before the Discovery and will be kept in the artificially cooled rooms until the exploring party is

RAMMING THEIR WAY HOME.

NEW YORK'S DAILY DISGRACE
AT THE BRIDGE.

The Crush in the Rush Hours Worse Than a
Football Scrimmage—Three Accidents
in Two Weeks—No Consideration
for Women—Roughness of the Men.

"I've played football and I've played hockey," said a big broad-shouldered hockey," said a big broad-shouldered

the crush.

To prevent her packages from being torn from her arms is enough to keep her busy and when she does manage to board a car she usually finds herself wedged in a

dense crowd either in the rear of the car against the door or on the rear platform while the conductor yells "Move up for-ward!" in a vain effort to find a place for her

inside.

The worst feature of the whole rush occurs regularly, so the participants in the nightly scramble say. Gangs of toughs, eight or ten strong, mass themselves much as the football flying wedge of old, and by their combined force and strength rush

toward the cars, pushing people asic regardless of anything but their own ends. As a rule the police and inspectors

the company who are on duty there, try

to break up these combinations as soon as they see them coming, but generally it is all over so soon that by the time the policeman has broken his way through the crowd the wedge has accomplished its object and its members are inside the car.

The police and inspectors try to break

The police and inspectors try to break the jams at the steps of the cars, too, but

big policeman on duty at the Bridge to Sun reporter, "but I don't see what can b

ON A TELEPHONE PARTY WIRE

A Sample Morning Experience of Sub-

Something like this happens frequently

o telephone subscribers who are on party

wires in a certain Westchester town. Mr.

Jones is aroused from a sound sleep at 6:30

"Augustus! Aw-gustus! Gus' Will you

"Hm-m. What d' you say? Eh? Burg-

Mrs. Jones shakes Augustus until he is

"There it is again, Augustus, our ring

and I'm sure my sister must be ill. Now

won't you answer it quickly and tell Susie

that I'll be right over as soon as I can dress

But Augustus has slipped into his bath-

the matter with you anyway? Been asleep?

Don't you Susie me, sir; I never heard

such impudence."
Well, have it your own way, but speak

They awake half an hour after their usual time. Jones rails at the new subscriber and concludes that if he wants his train he must telephone for a cab. He decides to do so before he has his

he decides to do so before he has the bath. He dodges downstairs and rings vigorously for central.

"Hello!" is the reply.

"Hello!" What do you want?"

"Give me 529 A in a great hurry."

"Give you nothin'. Huccum you here?

What for you break in like dis? Ain't you want represers? I'm talking to ma' gem-

Wha' for you break in like dis? Ain't you got no manners? I'm talking to ma' gemman fren' an' Ah don't want no rubbern'. Wha' dat? Yo' ain't Higgins's Mary? Foh de Lawd, I thought yo' is! Yo' is Mistah Jones Why, certainly I'll ring off. Mr. Jones shivers in his bathrobe and waits. Then his bell rings twice and he savs, "Heilo!"

"Is that you?" says a female voice.

"Sure thing," says Jones.

"Well, you were just as nasty as you could be at the firemen's dance last night and—"

and—"
"Hello, there!" interrupts Jones. "Who
on earth are you?"
"Well, Mr. Smarty, if you want to know

well, Mr. Smarty, if you want to know so particular, I'm Annie Murphy, cook at Derison's, and you know me well enough."

"Then, Annie, just save your scolding and get off this wire quick. I want central."

"Why, I thought you said it was you."

"Damnation," said Jones, and then he rang hard.

rang hard.

(central answers this time.

'Five hundred and twenty-nine A did you say? Livery stable? Yes, just a minute. Here you are."

Bur-r-r-r goes the bell, and then Jones hears the rasping voice of the new

subscriber:
"Now, I told you to send six chops and

you only sent four, and —
"Get off this wire!" shouts Jones.
"Who—are—you—sir?"
"This is Jones, and I'm in a hurry."
"Always rubbering, Mr. Jones," and then

the bell rings again.

Jones gets Trotter's livery stable once
more and is just about to give the time
when the cab shall call when a masculine

when the cab shall call when a masculine voice breaks in:
"Hello, hello! Is this Pipe, the plumber?
My kitchen range boiler is busted and the lower floor is afloat. Hurry up now

lower floor is afloat. Hurry up now and—
"Denison, for heaven's sake get off this wire for two minutes. This is Jones. I had a connection until you broke in and—"Take your old wire Jones. I wouldn't have your temper." Bur-r-r-r.
"My temper," said Jones to himself.
"Now isn't that enough to jar you?"
After two more interruptions be gets the livery stable again and then discovers that even with a cab he can't make his train because he has wasted so much time. He concludes that he will walk to the next

train anyway. Perhaps the exercise will improve his temper. No one ever had such a wretched lot of people on his party line as he has and—well he will send a complaint to the manager, anyway.

'Is this Trotter's livery stable?"

"Yes."
"Will you send--"

wide awake. From the lower floor come

two sharp rings of a telephone bell.

'Taint train time. Lemme sleep.

A. M. by Mrs. Jones who says:

and is half-way downstairs.

do you want?

"Hello," says Augustus.

wake up?"

lockey," said a big, broad-shouldered college graduate as he swung on a strap in a crowded Putnam avenue car which had just left the Manhattan end of the Bridge in the rush bour a few nights ago, but I never played in a football game which was much rougher than this jam and crush to get aboard a car. I thought I was tough and could take rough handling. but I don't enjoy rushing for trolley care half so much as I did rushing a football

There are too many in the game."

"I've played basketball, too," said his sister, "and lots of people are saying that the game is too rough for girls. A basketball game is a pink tea compared to the Manhattan end of the Bridge at 6 o'clock at night.

"Look at my hat; is it on straight? It feels as if it were away over on the side of my head somewhere. Some one stepped on my skirt, too, and I know that it was

pulled from under my belt half-way around. "I've got a spot on my elbow that is awfully sore, where I was jammed against the door as the crowd pushed us in. Seems to me I'd prefer living in Hoboken or Jersey City than over here in Brooklyn, where you have to take your life in your hands almost in order to get home.

Every one who goes from Manhattan to Brooklyn in trolley cars in the rush hours has heard the same sentiments expressed many times and probably has expressed them himself in more or less profane terms. for the rush is a disgrace and has been for some time; but instead of getting better the conditions are growing worse all the time. In the last two weeks there have been three accidents, in all of which persons were seriously bruised, and in two cases

For the time being there seems to be little hope of bettering the conditions. There are too few cars to carry comfortably the people who must ride in them, and the only solution of the difficulty, according to Commissioner of Bridges Lindenthal, who has made a study of the situation, is the completion of the new East River bridge, which should relieve the crush now concentrated on the old structure.

It is not the inability of the company to run enough cars for the accommodation of the crowds that is the disgraceful part of the jam at the rush hour. The number of cars which can be sent across the big bridge is limited by the rule that all cars must be spaced 102 feet apart while running on the span.

It is true that the cars furnished are entirely inadequate to carry the crowds; that the person who is able to get a seat is to be envied, and even the possessor of a strap is lucky. That is a condition that cannot be remedied so long as the great crowds descend on the lines. But for the disgraceful crowding, push-

ing, roughness and ruffianly conduct of a great part of the men in their efforts to get a seat there is no excuse. It is not only a disgrace to the city but also a positive danger to those who are pushed against the sides of the cars, jammed and thrown aside before they can board a car There are three periods each evening when the steady throng that crosses during

the rush hours is greatly increased. From 5:30 P. M. until 6:30 there is always a constant stream of people taking the trolleys for Brooklyn, but a little after 5:30 there comes an extra crowd, when those who finish work at that hour arrive at the Bridge. A half hour later comes a bigger crush.

6:30 there is still another crush, though the last is the least violent of the three At a little after 6 o'clock the crowds are greatest and the scenes most disgraceful. At that time the space under the Bridge station where the trolleys stand is jammed with people who fill completely the spaces between the tracks.

between the tracks.

To the uninitiated the scene is bewildering. Masses of people are hurrying in almost every direction. Starters are shouting the names of the lines of cars and the slogan, "Step lively, there!" as though the crowd were not rushing at the cars almost in a freezy.

in a frenzy.

Added to this is the clang of the gongs as cars slowly round the curves of the loops and pick their way through the lanes of people, many of whom are pushed by those behind until they are brushed by the sides of the car as it passes.

People scramble and push back to avoid the feeders of the cars swinging around the feeders.

People scramble and push back to avoid the fenders of the cars swinging around the crurves, tread on the feet of those near them, shove out of the way those in their path and finally grab the rail on the rear platform while the car still moves. Cling-ing to the rail they bump aside all those standing near until they manage to get on the platform. he platform

As a rule, cars stop first at the east end of the loops, where passengers alight and a good many are taken on. At this point there is always a rush, in which the idea of every one seems to be "everybody for himself."

People do not board a car as the word is generally understood. They make a rush for it. The weaker are thrown aside

rush for it. The weaker are thrown aside by the stronger.

Women are shoved aside or pushed along with no thought of courtesy or common decency. They are literally carried off their feet by the jam behind them, thrown against the doors of the car, and jammed until they manage to wriggle through. Then they are carried on by the moving mass behind until they reach the middle of the car, where they stop, because the standing room is filled to that point.

If when a car approaches one of the loops there is no car standing at the farther.

If when a car approaches one of the loops there is no car standing at the farther end inspectors yell. "All the way over," and the crowd behaves worse than ever. Nien, and even women, sometimes try to jump on as the car passes them.

Many succeed, but more, who get a grasp on the rail of the platform and try to walk or run alongside until they can get a footing on the step, are brushed aside by those jammed up close to the track and many a twisted wrist is the result. When a woman tries to jump on there is absolutely

a twisted wrist is the result. When a woman tries to jump on there is absolutely no consideration shown her.

She is shoved or brushed off just as a man would be, but in spite of the rough treatment there are some women who try it. It seems a miracle that the accidents have been so few.

It is the condway along which the care

dents have been so few.

Up the roadway along which the cars come before they reach the loops there is always a line of men strung out to meet them and to be the first in the grand scramble for seats. These are the persons who fill the cars before they come to a stop, but they have to work for the seats they get.

The cars run at a faster rate before they reach the loops than later and the jump is more risky. Along this roadway, which the p lice make an ineffectual effort to keep clear, are enough men to fill most of the seats. They all board in a very short time and the jam on the platform is of the

roughest sort.

Frequently on the steps and platform from a dozen to fifteen men will be fighting and pushing to get inside. Through the doors they are shoved three at a time. Then they plunge down the aisle to sink in a seat with a smile of satisfaction, which seems to say, "Well, I got on anyway."

If appearances may be relied on, the satisfaction is much the same as that of the football player who has broken through a struggling line of men and by sheer pulling and hauling has carried the rall over the line for a touchdown.

In most crowds there is some consideration for women, but there is absolutely

tion for women, but there is absolutely none here, not even for the tired mother carrying a baby or the shopper with her

THIS SHARK BIT A MAN.

was paid.

The Man Was Not in Swimming, Though and a Great Problem Is Still Unsettled HARTFORD, Feb. 15 .- At least one insurance company pays no attention to the controversy as to whether sharks do attack men. In a recent number of the Travellers' Record, in a list of payments made last August to holders of accident policies, this item: "Shark bite, one, \$25.71." Evidently the claim was not submitted for approval to Herman Oelrichs before it

Paul Jacoby of Natchez, Miss., who travels for a St. Louis grocery house, is the man who put in the claim for the shark bite. He received \$25.71, because he was disabled for two weeks and four days, this being at the rate of \$10 a week, the amount called for by his accident policy. Mr. Jacoby was not swimming when the accident occurred, but was aboard the boat Pass Christian, on July 26, at noon.

He was landing a shark when the fish bit him on the index finger of the left hand.

He was taken in an ambulance to a hospital and the wound so says the certificate of

He was taken in an ambulance to a hospital and the wound, so says the certificate of the doctor, "needed to be incised."

Mr. Jacoby gives no further details of the attack by the shark, omitting to say whether he put his finger into the fish's mouth or whether the fish made a lunge for him and caught him by the finger.

Mr. Jacoby says, though, that the injury to his finger prevented him from carrying his sample satchel, and thus interrupted his accustomed business for the two weeks and four days for which he asked and ob-

and four days for which he asked and ob-

tained pay from the insurance company.

In view of the circumstances of the case it can hardly be said that the question as to whether sharks ever attack men—some-thing that Herman Oelrichs denies—is any nearer an answer than it was.

the jams at the steps of the cars, too, but it is a task that is almost hopeless. Occasionally a man who is fighting too hard for entrance is yanked by the coat collar and thrown to the rear of the crowd by a policeman, but such occurrences are much more rare than they should be. The condition is not the fault of the police so course and the result of the release and much as the result of the rudeness and lack of consideration which the people themselves show. This rush is certainly flerce." said a SOLDIERUNDER MURDERCHARGE Writes Home to Jersey That He's Innocent -Defence Committee Formed.

Edward M. Brody of Bayonne, N. J. SUN reporter, "but I don't see what can be done to lessen it if the people will act so. If they insist on acting so like toughs there is no way that we can stop them.
"I don't suppose things will be any better until the crowd is thinned out by the new bridge. We do the best we can to keep the crowd orderly, but goodness! no power on earth can stop all this pushing. enlisted when the call for volunteers was issued at the outbreak of the Spanish war He served in Cuba and afterward voluneered for service in the Philippines Friends of his learned a few days ago that Private Brody and a comrade named Coffey, who is from Brooklyn, are in jail at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., under conviction for killing a child on the outskirts of a camp outside Manila.

The news came in a letter from Brody protesting his innocence and begging his friends to intercede on his behalf to secure and crowding that goes on now. They simply get seats, no matter what happens to the next man.

If you could only teach the people a

little decency and consideration for the women, who at present are walked on and shoved aside, it would be all right, but I guess there isn't any hope of that."

His opinion seems to be the general one. The conditions are there and must be endured until the traffic is lessened by new friends to intercede on his behalf to secure for him a new trial, at which he promises to prove himself guiltless. The friends have no knowledge of the merits of the case outside of Brody's statement, but they profess great confidence, from their knowledge of him, that he is not guilty and a Defence Committee, headed by John F. Lee, President of the Board of Educa-tics, headed by John Charles, and the statement of the Board of Educa-tics has been forward to both him. The dured until the traffic is lessened by new routes, and the crowd will continue to act tion, has been formed to help him. The committee proposes to send a delegation to Washington to ask for a reopening of

the case.

Brody is 27 years old. He bore an excellent reputation in Bayonne and since he enlisted he has been mentioned for meritorious conduct both in Cuba and the Philippines. He asserts that the only evidence against him is that he was close by when the child was shot outside of the camp of his command-Troop C, Third United States Cavalry.

CYCLING IN VIENNA. You Must Be Photographed First - Rogues Gallery Flavor About It.

"To ride a bicycle in Vienna," said a evelist who returned last week from Europe. you must undertake to be tied up in more yards of municipal red tape than any one rould believe city authorities able to manufacture, but the result is that there are s few accidents due to bicycling that th few accidents due to bicycing that the Viennese like the system and one of them who had visited America and whom I talked with had the impudence to suggest that it would be a mighty good thing to introduce into New York.

*First of all no one may ride a bicycle without having a certificate of proficiency, and to get this you must undergo a strict. robe, lighted the bicycle lamp which he keeps beside his bed for burglar hunts

"Well, it's about time you answered," says a shrill feminine voice. "What's and to get this you must undergo a strict examination. Women must be able to mount and dismount from both sides of "Yep, I don't go down until the 8:53, you know, and why shouldn't I be asleep at this hour? Now calm down, Susie. What

Everybody must show that he can turn

"Everybody must show that he can turn corners and must ride in and out between a number of dummies without knocking any of them down. If you can't—no certificate: practise outside the city limits or indoors until you can.

"If you pass the ordeal then you are photographed by the police. It reminded me of qualifying for the rogues' gallery.

"The photograph and your certificate of proficiency are fitted into a little book containing the rules for cycling in the city. You must carry this book and be prepared to show it on demand. It costs about \$1.25 of our money. If you can't show it—police inquisition and fine.

"Besides being photographed you must be numbered. When you discover that, the Rogues' Gallery impression redoubles of such impudence."

"Well, have it your own way, but speak quickly. It's freezing cold down here."

"Well, then, I want 3001 F in a hurry. The butcher's, you know. The man sent those chops for breakfast. What's that you say? I don't know how to use a telephone? Rang twice, did I? Your call is two rings? Well, it served you right, anyway. Some one at your house is always rubbering when I use this wire. Why, I never heard such ungentlemanly language from any one! I'll tell my husband about this. Now, you ring off quickly and let me have the butcher."

Augustus Jones climbs up stairs and says, "It's only that fool woman who has just been put on our wire. I'm going to have this telephone ripped out. Don't suppose I'll get to sleep again."

"Well, I'm glad Susie isn't ill," says Mrs. Jones, and then the Joneses disappoint themselves by going sound asleep.

They awake half an hour after their usual time. Jones rails at the new sub-

the Rogues' Gallery impression redoubles

You get the number, a huge brass affair, free. It has to be carried conspicuously on the handle bar of your machine. "When numbered, taxed, photographed and passed by the Superintendent of Police you are free of the streets, so long as you keep the rules. But don't think of scorching. The police keep a sharp lookout and the penalty is heavy enough to make you sorry if you do."

ACQUIRING INFORMATION. An Expeditions Way of Learning All About the West.

From the Detroit Free Press He had the look of a man who would not give another man a fair show, and it was only a minute after he sat down in the seat beside the cowboy that his nature was fully exposed

escapes from the Indians?" he queried as a

"Well, yes," was the reply "It was only two months ago that as I was riding across—"
"And of course you have seen bears in plenty?" Interrupted the Fasterner
"Yes, I have seen bears. One day about six weeks ago as I was looking for stray outtle among the footbills I—"And I have heard that the wolves out there

among the footbills I—

And I have heard that the wolves out there are very savage.

Wolves? Well, the timber wolves are bad critters to meet when they happen to be hungry. One day last winter, when the snow was about three feet deep, I was making my way around—

And is it true about there being so many rattlesnakes out there? cut in the questioner.

There's rattlesnakes, of course, replied the cowboy, alter a puzzled look at the other, "and mebbe they are as thick as the papers tell of Yes, I've seen a heap of 'em myself I was just thinking of a narrow escape I had last summer. I had got off my cayuse to look for tracks of lost cattle, when—

And were you ever in a prairie fire?

Prairie fire? Yes, three or four of 'em. It was only last August that as I was loping across a prairie twenty miles wide that—

And how about landslides and avalanches?

Tye seen 'em both The biggest landslide I ever saw was two years ago last fall It was over at Panther Mountain. I was within half a mile of the base—

Were you ever run over by a stampeding herd of cattle? 'interrupted the listener.

Yes, I was, 'slowly replied the cowboy, who seemed to be somewhat out of sorts.

Was it a big herd?

"And of course you were trodden into a shapeless, lifeless mass?"

Of course.

That will do, thanks I've always had

Of course That will do, thanks I've always had considerable curiosity about the West, and I thought I'd post up a little. Much obliged for your information, and good day!

From the Boston Evening Transcript

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

Something entirely new came over on the steamer Cestrian which arrived in Boston last Wednesday morning. The something is a covey of quall from Egypt. They were captured soon after the arrival of the millions of migrating quall that seek Egypt and other Mediterranean countries when the winter weather in other climes drives them out.

The Egyptians belong to the family of true qualls, and true qualls, unlike our bolwhite, migrate when the season in one place becomes unsinted to their taste. These little Egyptians always select the time of a high wind for their long journeyings, as, like the quall of New England, they are shortwinged birds, and need the help of a strong breeze to push them along.

WORKMEN MANAGE THIS STORE

CO-OPERATION A SUCCESS IN A MINING VILLAGE.

The Concern Does a Business of \$30,000. and Pays Dividends of 12 Per Cent. -It Has Also Taught the Advantage.

of Cash Payments Over Credit An interesting experiment in cooperative storekeeping has been carried on for some years at the little mining town of Banksville, Pa. Fifteen years ago eighty miners

who were dissatisfied with the prices charged at the company store, determined to set up a cooperative store of their own. Some of them were Englishmen acquainted with the Rochedale system of cooperation, and it was the success of that system that led to the experiment at Banksville. The par value of permanent stock was

\$5 a share. Each stockholder paid into the association \$10 or more, which was invested in ordinary merchandise such as was sold at the company store. The stockholders elected from their own number a store manager and a clerk. There were a President, a Vice-President. and a board of eight directors of the asso-

fixed at \$10 a share, of ordinary stock at

directors. For three years the association led a struggling existence, an object of dislike to the mine owners, who owned also the company store. At the end of that time the store quit business.

ciation. The manager of the store was at

all times subject to the instructions of the

In 1896 the cooperative association was revived. Most of the old stockholders responded to a call for a meeting, and this' meeting appointed a committee to obtain

new stockholders. New stockholders were easily obtained and the store was reëstablished. At first the store was kept in a rented house, but later the association built a storehouse on its own lot, one of the best-situated for business in the village. The association also bought other lots and houses, the

latter for storage. In making these changes the association also determined to sell its goods for cash. That is, credit was no longer allowed on permanent stock, though it was continued on the ordinary stock.

This change was at first unpopular in a community long credit-hardened by the company store system, and for a time the trade of the cooperative store dropped off. This loss, however, was only temporary, and the store was speedily more prosperous than ever. Perhaps the best evidence of the in-

provement wrought by the cash system was the increase in dividends brought about by it. The annual dividends under the credit system had been about 5 per cent., but under the cash system they doubled and reached even 12 per cent. on all goods purchased. The increased dividends attracted back the deserters, and brought trade from neighboring communities. The last quarterly report of the associa-

tion shows 211 stockholders. For the past five years the store has done a business of about \$30,000 annually, and each month shows increased business. The last quarterly report showed a business for the quarter of more than \$8,000.

The association now owns the best business lots in the village. It has a large store room, besides stables and a warehouse. For a time the association did a general hauling business, but the demands upon its teams for the delivery of merchandise from the store has made in necessary to discontinue this branch of

Many of the stockholders have from \$50 to \$100 drawing interest in the association's hands, and the association actually has more money than it can advantageously use in its business. The surplus for the last quarter was nearly \$1,000, and the last annual dividend was 12 per cent. For money of the stockholders held on deposit

the association pays 5 per cent. One very important influence of the association has been the lesson it has taught of the moral and financial value of cash buying. Wherever the company stores have existed the credit-hardening process has reached the greater part of the community, with the result that many persons are constantly in debt and few save anything out of their earnings.

Nearly all the people of Banksville who are not thoroughly credit-hardened deal with the ecoperative store, and it has many customers from other communities near

MICE IN SHEEP'S WOOL. Eighty of Them Found in Fleecy Homes

by Farmer Balley. BATH, N. Y., Feb. 15 .- Adsit Bailey. keeps a good many sheep on his farm in the town of Urbana. He noticed the other day, on going out to feed his flock, a black spot on the back of one of the sheep.

When he went to look at it the spot in-

stantly disappeared. Farmer Bailey rubbed his eyes. Then another black spot aphis eyes. Then another black spot ap-peared for an instant on the sheep's back and as quickly went out of sight. This time the farmer saw that the black spot was a mouse and while he was looking at the place where it had been a third black spot came into sight at the same place on the sheep's back, and disappeared as the

others had.

Then Farmer Bailey thought it was time.

Then Farmer Bailey thought his hand. investigate, and he thrust his hand wn into the sheep's thick coat of wool and found three snug and cosey mice nests, each with a new born litter of young ones in it. He lost no time in breaking up those odd mouse colonies, and then looked over others of his sheep, with the result that he found four more in the depths of whose wool mice had chosen warm places to build

wool mice had chosen warm places to build nests and bring forth their young.

Ten nests were found in all, containing an aggregate of seventy young mice. The sheep seemed not only not to mind the presence of the mice nests in their fleeces, but acted as if they were not pleased with their removal and the destruction of their contents.

Hull Gull Within Legal Limits.

From the Columbia (S. C.) State Union, Feb 9 - Friday night the Hotel Union was the scene of a social occasion that is rare in its features for the social circles of the city. Thirty young men most highly entertained an equal number of their young lady friends. The chief feature of the evening was the old yet ever new game of progressive "Jack in the Bush," or better known to many as "hull

As the guests arrived they were greeted at the door by two of the chaperons, Mrs. Macbeth Young and Mrs. J. W. Clarke. They were then presented with a store card bearing the number of the table and your partner in the game to follow. On the cards were painted a man in a cluster of bushes, supposed to be "Jack in the Bush". In the lower edge of the cards were six small boles, and as you progressed in the game a large bean, strung on a baby ribbon, was inserted in a hole. At the end of the sixth game the one who had the card full of beans was awarded the honors of the occasion.

Half-past 12 found the participants still highly entertained, but on account of the law all departed carrying with them pleasant recollections of the occasion.

All Intelligent Women